

I CAN recall only two previous occasions on which the Crown has formally bestowed the titular dignity of Prince, as the Queen—to the delight of us all—has now done with the Duke of Edinburgh. Queen Victoria, on her marriage to "His Serene Highness Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha," bestowed on him the prefix of "Royal Highness"; seventeen years later she conferred the title of Prince Consort. More recently, King Edward VII gave the rank of Princess, with the prefix of "Her Highness", to the daughters of his eldest daughter, Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife.

The controversy as to whether the Duke of Edinburgh could properly be called Prince Philip should now be stilled. My colleague Valentine Heywood, author of "British Titles," tells me that there are at least four official documents bearing out the Duke's lack, hitherto, of the Princely title—his grant of arms, the document dealing with his creation as a Knight of the Garter, the letters patent creating him a duke, and the entries in the Roll of the House of Lords recording his introduction as a peer.

But it seems to me that Friday's announcements still leave room for misunderstanding. The second of them declares the Queen's will and pleasure that her husband shall henceforth be known as H.R.H. the Prince Philip Duke of Edinburgh. Yet the Court Circular, issued the same evening, refers to him simply as the Duke of Edinburgh: so presumably the full title is to be used only on occasions when formal style is required.

MISS GLADYS COOPER

soliqo if the gallery wits decided to take part?

*Hamlet:* To be, or not to be: that is the question.

*A gallery wit:* The sixty-four thousand question!

The actor, being committed to the author, cannot rebuke the bout but must say his lines as set down. Yet in the meantime the whole place is suffering from nerves, while the essential unity of audience and actors is gone beyond recovery.

#### Softly and Silently

They manage these things better in New York. Not long ago I attended the Broadway first night of a new play which was a very poor piece indeed. No one in the audience made any sound until after the final interval they just disappeared. In fact when the curtain went up for the last act I felt like the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria who

play, "The Crystal Heart." The play may have had its defects, but is there any actress on the British stage more deservedly loved than Miss Cooper? Her charm and good humour seem to be enhanced by the unremitting years.

What chance would an actor have with Hamlet's famous



had Wagner's operas performed for him alone in his castle.

Therefore, I boo the boos.

As far as Miss Cooper, I borrow the favourite words of the Emperor Franz Josef and lay

unbuttoned to give him greater freedom. The bass form for the eyes of the violinists had discarded their jackets, but the cellists presented their sartorial decorum present at Maida Vale they would have abandoned such unworthy thoughts.

With two minutes to go the place was hushed and there was a nervous tension as

Sir

Malcolm never relaxed

for a moment, unless to achieve

holes of a round? Indeed it

would seem physically impossi-

ble. Sir Malcolm's own

explanation is that the brain is

so concentrated upon the

music that it has no time to

receive the message from the

body that they are tired.

He admits that to conduct the

same score with no musicians

waved or thrust his baton at

least 7,000 times. Most of these movements were the forgotten man.

#### A Farewell

On Thursday morning at St. Margaret's, Westminster, John Boyd Carpenter paid tribute to the late Sir David Gammans, M.P. He made no attempt at oratory but spoke in clear simple terms of a colleague and old friend.

Just near the end of his short address he paused for a moment and then without any change of expression or voice he said: "We are here today to say goodbye to David Gammans for a time... May God rest his soul and may God comfort those whom he loved."

In their brevity and in their faith the words touched both the mind and the heart. Even Elgar's music that followed seemed remote for once.

#### Dowhill

THE death of Lord Hor-  
Belska in France ends a career which promised a dazzling success but which ended in frustration, loneliness and weariness. Now I can shed some light upon his dismissal from the War Office.

As an old friend he con-  
sulted me when Neville  
Chamberlain told him that  
reluctantly he had to ask him to  
give up the War Office and  
if he was agreeable, to take on  
instead the post of President of  
the Board of Trade.

Lord Belska had done a  
brilliant job by clearing the  
way for the promotion of  
younger generals to positions  
of high authority. He was  
determined that for once

Britain would not fight a war  
with generals from a previous

war. "What should I do?" he  
asked.

To his obvious irritation I  
said that his resignation would  
be a sensational story for the  
morning newspapers, a big  
story for the evenings and  
nothing much more than an  
obituary notice in the week-  
end publications. Therefore  
he should take the Board of  
Trade which is a most impor-  
tant department in war as well  
as in peace. Nothing, however,  
would move him.

#### The Forgotten Disraeli

He believed so completely in  
his star that he even visualised  
a palace revolution which  
would place him on the politi-  
cal throne.

It was the virtual end of his  
career. He had the qualities of  
mind to carry him to the  
heights, but like many men of  
genius he had grave defects of  
temperament.

In the twilight years of bitter  
disillusionment after the war  
he would retire from time to  
time to a monastery and take a  
vow of silence. As a young  
man he saw himself as a second

runners who adhere strictly to the hard-beaten courses.

When Sir John arrived as a guest for dinner at the Palace Hotel, the other guests, who



SIR JOHN HUNT

were mostly Swiss, rose to their feet and cheered him.

#### People and Words

"Diaries are dangerous things. Perhaps, like loveletters, they should be torn up the following day."

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ALANBROOKE.  
"British people should be helped to drink more port."

DR. REGINALD BENNETT, M.P.  
"If only the general public will drink as much milk as I do a day there would be no trouble for years."

MRS. HEATHCOTE AMORY, M.P.,  
Minister of Agriculture.  
"I do not contend that one can speak the whole truth and nothing but the truth, sometimes you should withhold it and bear the burden yourself."

THE BISHOP OF BRISTOL.  
"This long and distressing con-  
troversy [over capital punishment]  
is a terrible burden to anyone  
meditating murder."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.  
"I do not contend that one can speak the whole truth and nothing but the truth, sometimes you should withhold it and bear the burden yourself."